

Children's Newspaper, February 24, 1940

C N CALLING

The moving finger writes;
and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy
piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to can-
cel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out
a word of it.

From Omar Khayyám

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**RIGHT-HAND
MAN OF THE
EMPIRE**

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One Halfpenny

TOC H STANDS BY NEAR SCAPA FLOW

Poperinghe and Its Wonderful Lamp

SOMETHING good comes out of evil; the fact is that goodness will spring up anywhere if it is given a chance.

The C N has always thought that one of the very best things that came out of the Great War was Toc H, which was born about the same time as the Children's Newspaper, and has spread itself until it has 50,000 men of all sorts and conditions, grouped in 1500 teams and working together to make a better world.

The Lamp of Service

It began in a big white house at Poperinghe which Lord Wakefield has now bought and consecrated to the service of Toc H for ever. It is a sacred place, for out from it has gone the spirit that works in these 50,000 lives dedicated to the service of mankind. The wonderful Lamp of Service lighted at Talbot House so long ago has never gone out; its beams shine farther every year. (The odd name of Toc H, of course, is the signaller's name for Talbot House.)

When the war began the founder of Toc H, who is known all over the world as Tubby Clayton (and in reference books as the Revd P. T. B. Clayton, C H, M C), did a striking thing; he left Toc H headquarters, which is the church of All Hallows by the Tower, and went up to the Orkneys, where, amid all the storms that blow, he has been building up Toc H all over Mainland, bringing it into touch with thousands of the most heroic and most deserving men in the world—the crews of the trawlers, drifters, minesweepers, and auxiliary vessels which are based in great numbers on Kirkwall.

Heroes All

Mostly they are fishermen in peace time, but today they are heroes all, every man facing death that we may live. Toc H has made it its business to do something for these men who pass this way by chance or are stationed here. Toc H is just the thing for them, with its cheerful huts, and since the war began, under the inspiration of the founder himself, enough enthusiasm has been found in the Orkneys to establish six centres.

We have no time to tell of the way they have entertained the children, but we have seen the pictures of these children's parties, and never have we seen a more cheerful crowd of faces.

What interests us is the way in which the enthusiasm of men of the Orkneys has been tapped and organised. The local forces have been led

by Mr Sutherland Graeme, who has given himself generously to the public service of Orkney, and is a county councillor. He is Chairman of Toc H House at Kirkwall, and it is there that we hope some C N friends will send him a few of their odd pounds and shillings to carry on.

Kirkwall House is a new development, and owes much to the never-failing generosity of Lord Wakefield. He has laid the foundations of a noble work among our seamen by enabling Kirkwall House to spread its wings and make itself the G H Q of Orkney's six Toc H centres. About 70 people are always giving their voluntary help, and about 250 men come under the influence of Kirkwall House each day. There have been air raids over the house, bombs have been dropped not far away, and the tragedy of the Royal Oak was only three miles off, for Kirkwall is, of course, within sight of Scapa Flow. Every day, Mr Graeme tells us, they are privileged to welcome as guests men coming from or going forth on perilous adventures in trawlers, drifters, patrol craft, contraband vessels, and the like. Some of the men who have enjoyed the hospitality of Kirkwall House they will not see again in this world.

Help From the Pilgrim Trust

Naturally the most regular visitors are those who are quartered in Kirkwall or about it, naval reservists of splendid type who come from comfortable homes and hold responsible positions in civil life. There are younger men from our public schools, and Army men who use Kirkwall House again and again while on short leave or on passing through the town. Also there are, widely scattered throughout the islands in small bodies and in uncomfortable surroundings, troops for whom Toc H runs its rest and recreation rooms.

For this work another £10 a week is still needed, and surely our C N homes will run this work at Kirkwall for at least a week or a month this year! A pound now and then from a few of us would do wonders to cheer up the hearts of these men.

The Pilgrim Trust has set us a noble example. It has given Toc H £500 a year for a great act of humanity which Toc H has devised. This is it.

Survivors from a sunken ship, if they are much shaken, are given a week's leave, but if they are a long way from home they have a risky crossing and a long train journey, and no rest. If they are kept at Kirkwall

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ALL'S WELL

The captain of a Coastal Command flying-boat signals to his crew

THE TWELVE SIXTH-FORM BOYS

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

BUDAPEST is lying stark and still in the grip of the longest and severest winter it has known for decades.

Muffled like a mummy in fold upon fold of snow, it can just draw breath, but no more. The clearing of the main thoroughfares for traffic and the provisioning of the urban population are problems which, solved one day, spring up with pristine freshness the next, as a new snowfall adds its load to the mountains skirting the side-walks.

An army of shovellers is at work night and day to supplement the labours of the municipal snow-ploughs; but fresh recruits are always welcome, and the other day twelve sixth-form boys from one of the Budapest schools (most schools being now closed for want of coal) reported for work and were eagerly accepted.

We know, of course, that boys will do almost anything for the fun of the

thing, but even these lusty youngsters could have found little fun on a day so bitterly cold that the falling snowflakes instantly froze to icicles on the eyelashes and toes squirmed in their boots. It was some days before the real motive came to light.

There is now an organisation in Budapest which makes it its business to collect and forward funds to Finland. The Magyars, being racially akin to the Finns, take an especially poignant interest in the heroic struggle waged by their cousins. One day this organisation found in its postbag, a postal order for 42 pengös (about £2) with a slip stating simply that "this sum was earned by twelve sixth-form boys of Kölcsey Ferenc School shovelling snow during an 8-hour day, and is offered by them for the Finnish cause. Signed Erwin Berinkay, One of the Twelve."

How Finland Carries On

The school life of Finland's children has been even more seriously disrupted by the war than our own.

Finnish children have not been evacuated from large towns to smaller ones or to villages where the schools are well organised and still running; they have been sent to remote farms.

But that does not mean that learning has stopped in Finland. The Finnish Minister to London has been telling us of an ingenious system the Finns have worked out to teach through their newspapers. Lessons are printed in the papers, and someone in each farm home sees that the lessons are properly set before the children, and the answers to the problems, the compositions, the translations, and so on are sent by post to a body of teachers in each district, corrected, marked, and sent back.

The ability and intelligence to adapt themselves quickly to new situations has always seemed to us to be one of the outstanding characteristics of a great people. This is an example.

The Matchless Heroism of Our Time

All who look on the sagas as merely the tales of heroic deeds of long ago have been proved wrong by the deathless stories which have thrilled the great heart of the world in these days, those stories of the dauntless Finns fighting to keep their country free.

When we closely examine the comparative size of the forces engaged, fabulous is the only word to express the true record of what has been achieved in ten or twelve weeks. The Russians lost at least 327 aeroplanes, over 600 tanks, 550 cars and lorries, while, in addition to 206 guns captured, hundreds have been entirely destroyed.

Everywhere the essential fortifications were held, attacks on the Mannerheim Line by the picked troops of Russia being thrust back with enormous losses in men and material. Never in recent history has such a surprise been given to the tyrants who believe in the power of numbers or such encouragement to all who believe in the power of the heroic spirit.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Red Cross. The Red Cross is used with the greatest care to conform with the international conventions. It is not right to use it on vehicles or buildings unless they are solely and exclusively concerned with war wounded. An ambulance removing civilians injured by an enemy air raid may properly bear the Red Cross, but one removing injured civilians, soldiers, or anyone else whose injuries were not caused through enemy action, may not properly bear the emblem. A Red Cross flag can be flown only on a hospital.

Sumner Welles. Sent to Europe on a special mission, Mr Welles is the Under-Secretary of America's Department of State, and thus second in control of the most important department in the American Government. Mr Cordell Hull is Secretary of State and its representative in Mr Roosevelt's Cabinet. Mr Welles is seeking first-hand knowledge for the President in Rome, Berlin, London, and Paris, and also in other neutral States.

Truck Act. A recent legal decision in the House of Lords has given a stricter interpretation to the Truck Act than has generally been held. The word Truck comes from the French Troc, meaning exchange or barter, and the Truck Acts were passed to prevent employers paying their workers in goods instead of in money, a practice which was grossly abused 100 years ago. The Act, first passed in 1831 and last amended in 1896, applies to all manual workers except domestic servants, and provides that wages must be in coin of the realm.

MR STANDFAST

Right-Hand Man of the Empire

WHEN Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, passed from among us the Empire lost a right-hand man.

Only of late years has it called him Tweedsmuir. It knew him better as John Buchan, who wrote romances to make the pulses of boyhood beat and stir the hearts of grown-up men by their honest forthright devotion to his country. That country was not his native land of Scotland only. He took the whole British Commonwealth of Nations for the object of his devoted, unflinching patriotism.

When Lord Milner was striving to bring peace to South Africa after the destruction wrought by the Boer War, it was young John Buchan, the Glasgow Scot, whom he chose from his helpers to stand at his right hand. When Canada, our oldest sister nation, as South Africa is the youngest, was striving with the difficult years between the last war and this one, it was John Buchan who was chosen to stand fast as Canada's guide and friend, a right-hand man to none other than the Empire itself.

His whole life had led up to it from his boyhood days, when he had trudged four miles every morning after his six o'clock breakfast to classes in Glasgow, and had afterwards won his way to scholarships and university prizes at Oxford. That was his beginning, and at one time it seemed as if his work in

South Africa was only an interlude, because he returned from there not to politics, but to writing. Those were the years when the wider public got to know him best, and it was characteristic of him that, doing always the work nearest at hand, he gave all his energy and industry to it. He was an interpreter of the spirit of his time, and it should be remembered that this story-writer not only gave his talent to such romances of the war as *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Mr Standfast*, but gave his sympathy to German youth when the war was over.

Yet such genius as his could not be withheld from more direct service to his country, in peace and in war; and when at last, when he was 60 years old, he was made Governor-General of Canada, none who knew the man other than by his writing was surprised. It was an appointment which put the right man in the right place. Canada loved him, as he loved Canada, and trusted him. He repaid her by seeking out every corner of her wide territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Arctic, and acquainting himself with the thoughts and wishes of all sorts and conditions of men.

He repaid the Empire by giving to it, to his last hour, all his thoughts, his life, his hopes. He was a great servant in that company whose service is perfect freedom. Mr Standfast, the title of one of his stories, might stand for John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir himself.

GUIDE AND SCOUT NEWS REEL

Torquay Girl Guides have collected six cots for the Polish children at Madame Malkowska's refugee school in Dartmouth.

The Guides of Queensland are collecting clothing for Polish Guides in Rumania.

Three crates of clothing for evacuees have arrived at Guide Headquarters, sent by the Guides of Victoria, Australia, from whom three bales were received a few weeks ago. The clothing is being distributed among evacuees.

In Basutoland the Wayfarer Guides are knitting war garments to be sent overseas.

The Brownies, Guides, and Rangers of Dorking have made six knitted blankets for the Polish Relief Fund, and sent five more to the National Society of Day Nurseries for evacuees under five.

The Longwood (Yorkshire) Guides held a Pea and Pie Supper to raise money to pay postage on parcels of clothing they have collected and repaired for the Polish Relief Fund.

Albert Carpenter, a Gordon Boys Orphanage lad at Dover, saved the life of a maid at the Orphanage by rolling her in a rug when her clothing caught fire. He has received the Scout Gilt Cross.

Christopher Combe, of Inverleith, Edinburgh, dashed from his work and slid 20 feet down the sloping sea wall to save the life of a boy who had fallen into the sea.

The 1st Byfleet Scout Group have collected 250,000 metal milk bottle caps, two sacks of silver paper, and a sack of old lead for Woking Hospital.

The 1st Whetstone Guides have been given a garden "for the duration," and have planted seventy cabbages.

The first Scout in South Yorkshire to receive the Cornwell Badge, the Scout V C for bravery and cheerfulness in great suffering, is Percy Vamplew of Sheffield. He is 20, and half his life has suffered severely from paralysis of the leg, but his interest in scoutcraft has made him one of the most radiant personalities.

Toc H in the Orkneys

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or Stromness the war is with them almost hour by hour. Toc H has now worked out a plan by which these men can have a quiet convalescence in Orkney. There is a fine manor named Bargar House which has been made available, properly staffed under a trained matron, and the grant of the Pilgrim Trust has made it possible to equip this place for carrying on this splendid work for the duration of the war. Nothing could be better; and it is delightful to hear from Mr Clayton that they have named this quiet little corner of Orkney the Pilgrim House of Toc H.

All this is happening now on these islands that we were calling the other day our First Outpost in the Atlantic. Life is hard enough at the best for these men who go out night after

night on a dark and stormy sea seeking food for us, or sweeping mines, or saving the lives of men; but these Toc H huts make all the difference to their life ashore. They give them light and warmth, perhaps a game, perhaps a little meal, and certainly a friend; it is Christianity in action. These are deeds of which Our Lord would say, If you have done it unto these you have done it unto Me.

It is on a dramatic spot of the map that Toc H has sown its new seed, and, with a little help from those of us who sit by the fire in quiet and freedom, it will yield a rich harvest of happiness in the lives of those who are ready to die for us if the call should come.

And so a pound, please, to Toc H, Kirkwall, Orkney, and any good cheer that you can send them.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed last year has been awarded to 21-year-old Martin Hugh Lee for swimming ashore by night with a life-line and so rescuing his ship's crew.

The Government is paying a million pounds a week towards the cost of food to keep down prices for all.

There are two Frederick Arthur Ravens on the Ajax, both 19, both of Yarmouth, both with fathers named Frederick, but not related to each other. One is a telegraphist and one an able seaman.

The Turkish Ambassador has placed the national flag of Turkey with the British and French flags on the memorial at Ellham to men who fell on Gallipoli.

It is hoped to make paper from reeds grown in English swamps, to be a substitute for esparto grass, of which 300,000 tons are imported annually.

To stimulate the Government's Dig-for-Victory campaign model allotments will be on show in many parts of the country.

Scrap metal is being collected in Nice at the rate of two tons an hour by soldiers with lorries.

Jews are now allowed only about four-pennyworth of sewing materials every three months in the Reich.

The first Bishop of Sheffield, who has just passed on, climbed up the scaffolding to consecrate the top stone of the cathedral extension when he was 80.

The scrap of paper signed by the Prime Minister and Hitler at Munich agreeing on "Peace in our time," is now in the War Museum.

The firing of the guns on the new French battleship for one minute cost over £12,000.

St Catherine's School in Basutoland sends its greeting to the unknown friend who has for so many years been sending it the C N.

Gemo Island, off Port Moresby in Papua, has built itself a church for which the Scouts and Guides helped in digging the foundations and diving for coral to make coral lime.

About 20 evacuated Ilford boys have dug up 25 tons of potatoes in one day at a farm in Suffolk.

An idea never practised before in the world has been adopted in Germany, where rents may be reduced if the rooms are not warmed—the rent goes down with the thermometer.

Half a million railway workers are to have better pay, and the Government has guaranteed the income of the railways for the duration of the war.

The entertainers of the troops have given over 8000 performances with over two million men as audiences.

A mobile bath supplying 20 shower baths is operating at the Front, and can provide 700 baths.

Danish people have been walking on the frozen sea from Jylland to Sweden, a thing never known before.

One-third of the Rugby School boys are now knitting for the Forces.

THINGS SEEN

A primrose on the Editor's desk, picked at Exbourne in Devon on February 6.

The delicate tracery of the trees sheathed in ice like burnished silver in the brilliant sunlight of a frosty day.

A black cat in the Blackout wearing a white collar and a tinkling bell giving out a tiny stream of light.

Fashionably dressed women in Manchester's shopping centre wearing clogs.

THE LIGHT THAT HELPS THE ENEMY

Many people lying in bed have wondered during the past few months what could be the meaning of the flight of aeroplanes roaring through the night, and it transpires that some of them are air wardensof the sky, flying to see if our own people, by careless display of lights, are making plain for an enemy the way to London or elsewhere.

The improper lighting of cars, which can be detected from an immense height, outlines a road; houses imperfectly screened at the back reveal railways; casual torches may do harm.

During the last war there was very little darkening out, and a Zeppelin raider stated that he was guided to London by seeing its lights 25 miles away.



The Black Lamb—a charming study from the Lake District

THE OLD LADY OF SOUTHAMPTON

We have always found ourselves able to get up and keep fit without the help of the BBC Gymnastics, but we hear of those who cannot manage it, and during the cold weather we heard of some of these who felt excused from practising the exercises.

However, they have been put to shame by a Southampton old lady of 93 who did her very best to carry out the instructions regardless of the thermometer.

THE STARFISH AND THE OYSTER

A curious patent has been granted by the United States Patent Office, for a novel means of warfare on the starfish, the great attacker of oysters. The depredations of the starfish on the oyster beds are quite serious, and the inventor has discovered a simple remedy. A hundredweight of lime spread over an acre of oyster bed will not only kill the starfish but has been found to improve the oysters.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of February 1915

The American Protest. The sympathies of the vast majority of Americans are with the Allies, but the American Government has preserved an attitude of strict neutrality.

The American protest is really frank and friendly, and an equally frank and friendly reply has been returned. America is suffering badly in pocket from the war; her pocket suffers, and her national pride is wounded by this holding up of her ships. The British reply promises every respect and consideration, but adds that the British people are fighting for life against a foe which respects no law, which encourages shippers to smuggle articles which have been declared contraband. If we let these things pass we provide our enemies with further material with which to fight us.

We are bound to examine ships from America, and we cannot examine them in the open sea, because our patrol ships might at any moment be torpedoed by a submarine; hence we must take them into port, causing serious delay.

The Paper Chase

THE biggest paper chase for years is now in progress. It is a cross-country and round-the-town race, and among the leaders are Boy Scouts.

As everyone knows, the war has made people realise what the CN has so long been preaching—that there is no waste if we know how to use it. The paper shortage (which is likely to become more acute) means that every scrap of paper is worth saving now. The Boy Scouts, who do not mean to allow any to be wasted, have undertaken, at the request of the Paper Control Board, to collect paper from

LIVINGSTONE'S MOSQUITO NETS

A letter from Dr Livingstone, written from the Shire Cataracts on the Zambesi, and just published, refers to a present of a mosquito net from Mrs Gray, wife of the first bishop in Capetown. It was evidently Livingstone's first mosquito net, for, after saying how much he admires the invention, he adds that the greatest and most unaccountable folly of his life was travelling all over the continent without ever once thinking that the mosquito pest could be escaped from. "Philosophising (he writes) that as other animals are sacrificed to our use, so we must suffer a little for their enjoyment, afforded the poorest consolation, and now I leave philosophy to them and laugh as they dash themselves against the meshes."

PULLING DOWN AND BUILDING UP

There is no sadder effect of the war than that 90 per cent of our architects are unemployed, for this means not only that useful professional men are idle, but that the building trades are suffering acutely. Many of their men are too old for army service.

The cost of maintaining the 350,000 builders thrown idle will be a serious drain on the Exchequer.

In France a scheme for the organisation of building in the war has been worked out. Central control staffs have been set up to maintain building so far as possible, and to distribute government work.

It is tragic that when so much is being pulled down those who should be building up have nothing to do.

THE ITALIAN'S FAITHFUL STEED

Florence's daily newspaper La Nazione has been telling the story of a horse which returned home riderless near Vignaretto, Asti, the other day.

Its master was an oxherd named Francesco Marandini, who had fallen off his mount and struck his head with such force that he lost consciousness. The intelligent animal ran home for help as fast as it could, and by its distressed behaviour showed the family that something was wrong. It pawed the air and tossed its head as though inviting them to follow it, and the family soon realised that the animal was trying to make them understand something important. The faithful creature led them to where its master was lying on the ground, and whinnied joyfully when it saw that the man was receiving attention.

THE GOOD DEED OF 40 CONVICTS

The Turkish Parliament is passing a Bill to pardon the 40 convicts who behaved so well in the great earthquake.

The guards of the prison having been called away to help the victims, the convicts scorned the opportunity to escape, organised themselves into rescue parties, fed the victims with their own rations, and burned their own belongings to make fires.

every nook and corner in the land. Old newspapers, magazines, books, wrapping papers, cardboard cartons, and boxboards are all wanted. A central depot is being established by the Scouting authorities in each district, and Scouts, Cubs, and Scouters are acting as collectors.

May we ask all CN readers to open their doors to the Scouts when they call, and to have ready for them their unwanted paper and cardboard.

The time may come when there will be no paper for your CN, and your waste may help.

SATISFIED AT LAST

One of our contemporaries claims to have received an advance copy of the speech Hitler is to give at the Albert Hall in the autumn—perhaps a little later. Here is a significant passage:

England and Ireland having been placed under German protection, Mr Roosevelt having offered me America as a colony, Hermann Goering having become Tsar of all the Russias, and Joseph Goebbels having been elected Pope, I have no further territorial claims to make.

GAS DIES HARD

Gas was long ago threatened by electricity, but it dies hard. The gas industry protests, indeed, that, so far from dying, it renews its usefulness.

The industrial use of gas grows apace. It is now used in 4000 British industries. As for domestic use, there are 8,500,000 gas cookers in our 12,000,000 homes. The number of consumers is nearly 12,000,000, so that most of our houses, as well as many workshops and factories, must be using it.

PATRICK BRONTË'S LAST SERMON

Miss Ann Tempest of Haworth, 95, is one of few people left who remember the Brontës, and she has been recalling some of her memories.

She remembers Charlotte walking across the moors, a brown dog with her; and has a clear recollection of Patrick Brontë, the father, as he was on Sundays. She loves to tell of the last time he preached, taking as his text: Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his.



Men of the Ajax—Two members of the famous ship's band, the clarinet player five feet three inches and the double-bass player six feet eight

THE STONE AGE MAN IS CARRYING ON

Miss Beatrice Blackwood, who has been exploring Central New Guinea, has been able to describe to the Anthropological Society how the Stone Age Men worked.

These remote New Guinea tribes are still Stone Age Men, making stone axes, tools, and clubs. She saw them search the stream beds for blue-grey slate, which they roughly shaped by hammer stones to the form of an adze and then ground one side to a cutting edge before fitting them with a haft. Oval stones were hammered to ball-shaped club heads, and a hole pecked in them to take a handle. For garments the inner bark of trees was beaten out by rough stones gripped in the hands, and when the material was ample enough was gathered with a string at the top. It was then worn as a cloak, suspended from a knot of hair left on the crown of a closely shaven head; and the New Guinea Stone Age Man was as ready for any weather as his, and our own, forefathers were 100,000 years ago.

A STAR OF BETHLEHEM

New stars give news of themselves to the astronomers some time before those cautious watchers of the skies tell the world of them, and it is only now that Professor F. L. Whipple, of Harvard, has disclosed that he sighted one on Christmas Eve. It might have been, he says, like the Star of Bethlehem, but, unlike that immortal portent, it was very faint. It has now become so much fainter that it can be seen only through big telescopes; and was probably at its brightest some months earlier when it passed unnoticed.

WARS AND WEDDINGS

It is very natural and deeply interesting that war increases the number of marriages.

In the third quarter of 1939 there were 40,000 more weddings than in the third quarter of 1938.

Cold figures tell us little of the human side of war marriages. What hopes and fears go to their making, and how earnestly we must wish that hope will not perish for many of them! War is no matter for easy cheering; it is life itself which is at stake for thousands, perhaps for millions.

THE LONG WALK OF 30 BOYS

A correspondent in Northern Nigeria tells us of the long walk of 30 boys to see a Boy's Brigade display in that country.

They came from Miango, having walked 23 miles straight on to the parade ground. Though they were not in uniform it was thought they deserved to be included in the march past. They refused to sit down when the displays were on and stood almost at attention for two hours. Then, at the close, they lined up to march back the 23 miles to be home in time for the service next morning. But the Inspecting Officer heard of it and hired a lorry for them, so they went back in triumph.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

If the weather is favourable and the ground in good condition, sow the main crop of onions on light soil; the ground should be trodden firmly. Spanish kinds, if sown in September for transplanting to produce large bulbs, may now be planted in rows nine inches apart and eighteen inches from each other.

Look well after mice where crocuses are growing; they are often troublesome just as the flower-buds are appearing. Finish pruning as soon as possible.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 24 1940

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THIS?

It is good to learn that a Housing Conference in London was not thought inappropriate in time of war.

If we are unable to proceed with domestic building, we may at least talk about what we can do when peace comes back.

At this Conference Sir Walter Langdon-Brown, the well-known nerve doctor, took occasion to denounce flats as a chief enemy of child-life. Flats, he said, even when blocks of them have gardens equipped with swimming-pools and squash-racket courts, must not be regarded as homes fit for children.

Undoubtedly the flat and the cheap car have played a large part in reducing the size of families and producing the "one-child family." Very few people realise the simple truth that if all our families had one child only the population of Britain would be reduced by half in thirty years!

It appears, therefore, absolutely necessary, if the nation is to remain a great Power, that flats should not be allowed to dominate our lives.

So with the cheap car. The man of small income cannot afford to keep a car and a family. So long as motor-cars were dear they were beyond his purse; when they became so cheap that the small man could afford to buy one they became an object of ambition, and children were regarded as superfluous.

THE MIRACLE

Most C.N. readers will agree with this view of Sir Ernest Benn in a letter to The Times. It surely is miraculous that, whereas the dead in the last war were after six months about a million, so far they are only a very small number in this war.

FIVE months after the declaration of war Western civilisation still hesitates to embark upon the sort of suicide discussed and expected.

According to the theories of six months ago, there should by now have been a million dead and many more maimed and wounded, as well as untold material loss and damage.

A comparison of the state of mind of the world today as compared with January 1915 discloses a difference which is nothing short of miraculous. No thinking person can fail to be devoutly thankful for the advance in civilisation in a short quarter of a century; it is now certain that we did learn something in 1914-18.

This war is already won if we will maintain our new-found strength of faith and character and dignity; if we have the grit and quality to persevere in a struggle and continue a sacrifice which in former days required the spurs of bloodshed and vengeance.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



SONS AND GRANDSONS

It is the supreme bitterness of this One-Man War that the misery of it reacts throughout the world. We may believe that hardly a family on the earth is untouched by it in some way.

We are set thinking of this side of it by a letter which reaches us from an old lady in Tasmania. She is a widow whose husband's life was broken by the Great War, in which four of their sons fought and three did not go back. Now she has four grandsons likely to be fighting again.

From generation to generation the pitiful tragedy of war goes on, and it is our consolation that we fight this time to end for ever the menace that overshadowed our lives so long.

The Wheels and the Brake

We were speaking the other day of Optimism and Pessimism. Here is another definition of both which we have just found.

OPTIMISM is the axis on which the wheels of the world revolve. Pessimism is the brake that is constantly trying to stop them. Optimism is the axle-grease. Pessimism is the sand that spoils the axle-grease.

A Story For Barbarians

PERHAPS it would be well if the Nazi barbarians could remember this story of Louis the Fourteenth.

A French privateer surprised the men at work building the old wooden lighthouse on the Eddystone rock, and had carried them away, and the king ordered the captain to be censured and the prisoners to be released, saying:

Their work is for the benefit of all nations; I am at war with England, not with humanity.

Our First Three Years

AN American Society of Child Welfare has just published a letter Charles Darwin wrote to its secretary long ago expressing his sympathy with everything connected with the study of the child. At the same time an answer given by Darwin is recalled. When, as an old man, he was asked which years were the most subject to impressions that were never lost he replied, "Without doubt the first three."

Under the Editor's Table

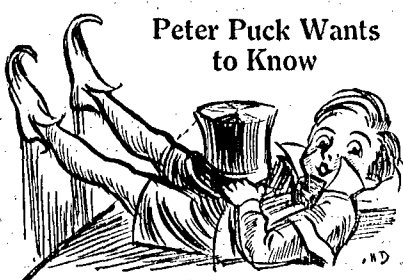
AN artist has painted a wall running along his landing. The paint must have run too.

WATER pipes froze in Madrid. The population remained cool.

EGGS should not be boiled too long. They should be pulled out.

BUTCHERS are dissatisfied with the meat-rationing arrangements. Have a bone to pick with the Government.

HITLER is said to be promising to reward German sailors with butter. Pats on the back.



If motorists are now driven to walking clocks were all so fast.

The Wages and the Family

WAGES, it is being suggested, should vary with the size of the family. It is absurd that a man with no family should receive the same pay as one who has several children.

Wherever the question is put to thinking people they agree that family allowances are desirable. An engineering firm points out that, by a secret vote, after a meeting at which the idea of family allowances was explained to them, 95 per cent of their men voted in favour of the plan they have established, which is this: 14 per cent of the men over 18 benefit, each receiving weekly 3s for two children and 2s 6d for each additional child under 15.

We are glad to know that other employers are studying this good idea.

LOOT

THE spirit of the war-makers does not change.

In the Great War the Germans carried away trainload after trainload of soil from the Ukraine.

In this war the Germans are cutting down millions of forest trees in Poland and shipping them to Germany.

A Young Hopeful

THE human boy is always interesting; here is a story of a bright 11-year-old, tried at a Children's Court.

He was accused of helping himself to what was not his, and at the London Juvenile Court the chairman gave him choice of punishments.

"You can be birched," he said, "or sent to an approved school, or put on probation." The boy chose to be put on probation.

"If you come up again what would you do if you were the magistrate?" the chairman asked.

"Send myself to an approved school," replied the boy.

Somehow we feel sure that this bright lad will not offend again.

JUST AN IDEA

It is good to remember in these days the old proverb that when the ebb is lowest the tide begins to flow.

A LITTLE FRIEND WAKES UP

Is anything in Nature's big family, we wonder (even our great friend Robin Redbreast), more friendly than the little ladybird when it wakes up in a warm library in midwinter and thinks the time of roses has come? It does not know that the drive is two feet deep in snow.

While he is writing this the Editor finds the ladybird on the nib of his pen again and again. He flicks it off and it returns. It gets in the way of his words so that his manuscript is apt to look like a map of Hitler's Europe. It creeps under his sheet of paper so that he is afraid of crushing it. He puts it a yard away in the cosy corner, where it may creep as it will along the cushions; but in a minute it is back again for company, running merrily along the edge of the paper, creeping mostly, flying an inch or two, on the surface and under the corner of the sheet. Turn it north and it will come back south. Pick it up and turn it west and it will come back east. Put it into a safe place and it will soon be back in the very front line of danger.

Three times one week the Editor was writing to America, and three times the ladybird crept on to the paper as if determined to go with it. The thought came that perhaps the little red lady might be popped into the big envelope to wake up in New York, but America, we understand, does not love our little friends and so it stays at home, to disappear for a day or two and reappear when the lights are on at night and the pen runs over the paper by the library fire.

There is something encouraging in the trustfulness of this small thing which nobody would hurt. It has the gift of life and beauty, and the rich quality of being not afraid.

Miss Priscilla

By The Pilgrim

WE would not like to guess her age, and it would hardly be polite. She is not very young, and not very nimble on her feet, for she walks with a stick, and we have heard her say time and time again that she simply cannot venture down the garden path if there is frost about.

In spite of this we have seen her picking her way over snow and ice. Down the road she went, across the piece of waste land, and on till she came to a frozen pond. There Miss Priscilla (always so bad on her feet) broke up the ice with her stick. "The birds are so thirsty this cold weather," she said, with one of those smiles which make her look younger than she is.

A Prayer That We May Not Be Proud

O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us
But take away our pride.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

Good God, save me from my friends! I can deal with my enemies myself. Voltaire

February 24, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

A British Soldier in France

FREEDOM is as fine a word
As ever human soul has heard;
So is Justice, so is Right,
All these words are worth a fight;
England means these words to me,
England just and right and free.

God bless England's holy name!
I will fight to guard her fame
From the smirch of wrong and shame.

I am wounded, and I see
Now what England means to me:
England is my boy of three
Praying at his mother's knee:
Child, I give my life for thee!

Charity Does No Ill

I WOULD address one general admonition to all, that they consider what are the true ends of knowledge, and that they seek it not either for pleasure of the mind, or for contention, or for superiority to others, or for profit, or fame, or power, or any of these inferior things; but for the benefit and use of life; and that they perfect and govern it in charity. For it was from lust of power that the angels fell; from lust of knowledge that man fell; but of charity there can be no excess, neither did angel or man ever come in danger by it.

Francis Bacon

Little Things, Forgive

LITTLE things that fight and fail
And fall on sea and land and air;
All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer:
Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

James Stephens

A Sad Day For Any Man

THE ideal life is in our blood and never will be lost. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing—when there is not for ever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something he knows that he was meant and made to do.

Phillips Brooks

THE NOBLE MIND

CONTENT thyself with thy estate,
Seek not to climb above the skies,
For often love is mixed with hate,
And twixt the flowers the serpent lies;
Where Fortune sends her greatest joys,
There once possess they are but toys.

What thing can earthly pleasure give
That breeds delight when it is past?
Or who so quietly doth live
But storms of care do drown at last?
This is the loan of worldly hire,
The more we have the more desire.

Wherefore I hold him best at ease
That lives content with his estate,
And doth not sail in worldly seas,
When Mine and Thine do breed debate;
This noble mind, e'en in a clown,
Is more than to possess a crown.

The Thing That Remains

WE have done everything with the Bible. We have overlaid it with commentaries; we have translated it, revised the translations, quarrelled over the revisions, discussed authenticity, inspiration, and textual history; epitomised it, extracted lessons from it; and yet there remains one thing left to be done—to read it.

Richard Moulton

300 YEARS YOUNG

THE youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for 300 years. An English writer



THE MAGIC CARPET OF A LIBRARY

IF we look along the shelves of a library we shall discover that all the leading facts of life are there, the differences between men and men, with all the differences between ages and ages of the world.

If our minds are properly attuned we shall hear the laughter and the sobs of mankind; and we shall understand, as perhaps never before, something of the labours of mankind, of their successes, of their useless sacrifices of which there are so many in history, of the idle dreams with all their mischiefs, of the strong and steadfast efforts for good with all their blessings and their glories. Indeed, we shall find there the whole overwhelming dream of humanity, and shall come away from such a scrutiny feeling the true pathos of humanity, with the mystery of time, more than in any other way.

At the same time we shall discern something of the power of books to annihilate space and time, and, like a

magic carpet, transport us into regions the most remote. It is possible by their aid to witness unharmed the plague at Athens, or Florence, or London; to accompany Caesar on his marches; to look in upon Catiline in council with his fellow-conspirators, or witness the signing of Magna Carta at Runnymede. It may be that opportunities of foreign travel and exploration have been denied to us, but through the medium of books we may rove the dark continent with Livingstone and Stanley, explore the sources of the Nile with Speke, penetrate to the shrine of Allah's Prophet at Mecca with Sir Richard Burton, accompany Nansen to the Frozen North, follow Captain Scott in his quest of the South Pole, or wander through Arabia with Doughty.

This world of books is our common heritage, but before we can enter into it we must gain possession of the key that unlocks it, and that key is the art of reading.

Henry Guppy

A Beggar Through This World Am I

A BEGGAR through this world am I,
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!
A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me:
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.
Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight:
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance,
And the strong tide of circumstance:
Give me, old granite grey,
Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of the never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That grief may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,

Ready to be an angel bright:
O sweetly mournful pine!
A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook;
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.
Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But goodbye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun:
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.
Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O give, to strengthen me.

James Russell Lowell



EVACUATED SCHOOLS—3

Harrogate College has moved to Lord Swinton's house near Masham in Yorkshire, where some of the girls are seen playing in the grounds

The Great Powers in Your Keeping

DOWN deep in every human soul is a hidden longing to do something fine and enduring.

This secret intimation from within is in truth a summons to rise above the dead level of mediocrity and to use your powers to large purpose. As you listen to this inner voice and heed its divine command, you will not be content with a life of commonplace endeavour, but will set your eyes upon some great and lofty purpose. There will come to you a new and wonderful revelation of the exalted powers placed in your keeping, and a deeper realisation of your personal responsibility to God.

He has endowed you with supreme gifts as well as with the faculties to use them aright. If you are willing, great things are possible to you.

Grenville Kleiser

Prayer For You

STRONG be the faith that guides your wending,
Staunch be your heart to woe unbending,
Great gifts from God on you descending,
Such is my prayer for you.

HOW TO READ

DO not slavishly mumble the words of your author, and cry Amen to his every conclusion, but read him with suspicion, with inquiry, with a free exercise of your own mental faculties, with the admiration of intelligence, and not with the wonder of ignorance.

George Gilfillan

Highland Mary

YE banks and braes and streams
around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns

TWO WORLDS

THERE are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations.

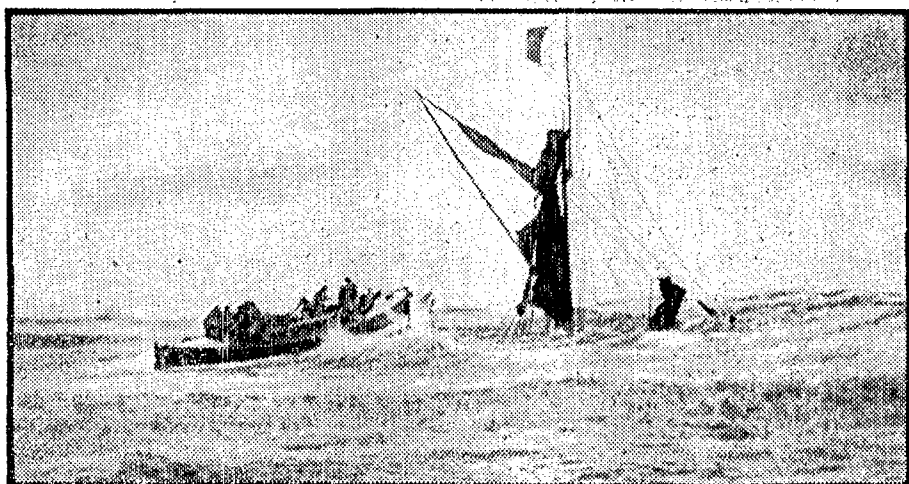
Leigh Hunt

The Looking-Glass

THE world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

Thackeray

Night and Day These Heroes Face Death



It must be a source of constant pride to us all that our Lifeboats are maintained for the nation by voluntary generosity, though it is impossible to imagine what life would be without them or to exaggerate the debt we owe to them.

Winter and rough weather mean that the lifeboat crews round our coasts are standing by, ready for any call. They have been ready for over a hundred years, but rarely have so many ships gone down at sea as now, and never have our lifeboats put out so often as in these last few months.

In the last war 21 lives were rescued every week by lifeboats. In this war the average has been 64 a week. By night and by day these heroes face death for their country. From the day war broke out to the end of 1939 our lifeboats were launched 411 times, their heroic crews bringing home over 1100 people.

Our Lifeboat Fleet

With our seas infested with mines, with German planes attacking unarmed vessels, with all the dangers of war and all the risks of stormy weather, the need of efficient crews and trustworthy boats is supremely important. Happily, we have both. There are 145 motor lifeboats and 15 pulling and sailing lifeboats always ready, waiting to be launched at any hour of day or night. They are marvellous vessels.

It is easy to make the mistake of judging a ship by size, and in this way we are apt not to realise the wonder of a small boat bobbing about on the waves. Yet many a big liner cannot do what the smallest of our lifeboats can do. They would run for port when a lifeboat would put out to sea. A lifeboat will sail into shoals and broken water where an iron ship a thousand times as big would meet with disaster.

What is the lifeboat's secret? One answer is that she is made to withstand the merciless battering of the fiercest storms. She carries a charmed life because of her great strength, her ability to empty out water almost as fast as she takes it in, her amazing buoyancy.

To make her strong the lifeboat builder uses woods from half the countries of the Empire: English oak in the stem and stern, Canadian rock-elm in the framework and keels, Honduras mahogany and Burmese teak in the decks and planking, and white deal and red cedar in the air-cases.

Scuppers For Safety

When a lifeboat ships a heavy sea (often carrying tons of water) she does not go down like a stone. She does not even fill with water, for the water escapes by cleverly designed scuppers. As the boat heels over the scuppers open and the decks are cleared. If she heels to the other side the first scuppers close, keeping the sea out, and the other scuppers open, releasing any water which may remain on deck. So effective are these scuppers that a modern life-

boat filled with water to the thwarts can clear herself in 12 seconds.

The buoyancy of a lifeboat and the efficiency of her scuppers have long been two of her chief features. Buoyancy was secured in what was known as the self-righting type by the use of end-boxes, air chambers which gave the craft the ability to ride lightly on the waves. Being exceedingly light above water and having a very heavy keel (often a third of the weight of the boat), lifeboats of the self-righting type were built so that if they turned over with all sails set and all the crew on board they would right themselves and empty out all water in less than half a minute.

The latest types of lifeboats, however, depend for their efficiency not so much on their excessive buoyancy as on their speed, together with their ability to ride over high seas. Even if they strike jagged rocks and have twenty holes in each side they will still float. This is due to the fact that each lifeboat has from 7 to 14 watertight compartments, so placed that if several are filled with water the boat will still be able to ride out the storm and reach harbour safely.

Every lifeboat, moreover, is fitted with from 70 to 160 air-cases, so that even if all her watertight compartments are damaged and waterlogged she will go on floating.

Oil On Troubled Waters

The modern lifeboat is designed so that her Diesel engines are completely watertight; if the engine-room is flooded the engines will keep running.

Many lifeboats are provided with an oil-spray, by means of which rough water round a wreck may be calmed while a rescue is effected. This is the dramatic meaning of pouring oil on troubled waters.

From the smallest and lightest type weighing four tons to the giant Barnett type weighing nearly 27 tons, there are lifeboats to suit every emergency. The 46-foot Watson Cabin type weighs 20 tons and carries eight men. In rough weather she can take 95 people on board, and she is provided with a line-throwing gun and a powerful electric searchlight. Travelling at eight knots, she has enough fuel for a run of 200 miles, and is propelled by two 40 h-p Diesel engines driving twin screws. This type of boat is divided into 9 watertight compartments and 142 air-cases.

The Barnett lifeboat, driven by two 60 h-p engines, is able to cruise 300 miles and can rescue 100 people.

The most remarkable lifeboat in the world is the Sir William Hillary, named after the founder of the Lifeboat Institution. Stationed at Dover, she is intended to rescue people from ships and planes in the Channel, and she has a speed of 17 or 18 knots, and two engines of 375 h-p. She was built in 1929, and is one of the most remarkable vessels afloat.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE ON ITS METTLE

FROM the beginning of the war Lord Hec-Haw, the lying broadcaster of the Nazis, has sought to shake the confidence of France in her British Ally by asserting that our military effort is contemptible, and that, as in the Great War, we are prepared to let French armies bear the brunt of the fighting while our men skulk in safety at home.

This is only a repetition of the calumny with which they sought last time to injure our common cause by inciting French animosity against us.

In actual fact, we ended the last war the mightiest military Power the world had ever known, with an incomparable Navy and with an Army the most numerous and best equipped ever assembled, and what we did then we are striving might and main to do again.

As peace-lovers we began then, as we have begun again, with an army smaller than that of many small countries. We had not planned military forces on the Continental scale. Our Navy was our shield. It kept the seas open for us and for our Allies, and behind its protection

we trained and armed a fighting force for land warfare such as even Napoleon would have thought impossible.

When we had beaten Germany and her confederates to their knees, ours was the greatest and most formidable of all the existing armies. The proclaiming of the Armistice found the several armies manned like this:

British Empire	5,680,247	Italy	3,420,000
France	5,075,000	Austria	2,230,000
Germany	4,500,000	Bulgaria	500,000
United States	3,707,132	Turkey	400,000

From first to last the British Empire mobilised nearly nine million men, and terrible were our casualties: 1,089,919 killed and 2,400,988 wounded. The United Kingdom was naturally the chief sufferer, her dead numbering no fewer than 743,702 and her wounded 1,693,262.

The record of the men who fought and died for the Empire, reinforced by the immense total of men fit and ready for renewed battle when the Armistice was reached, is an unanswerable reply to the Nazi lie that we always leave the fighting to our Allies.

Matthew Remembers His Friend

A LONELY life was ahead of Matthew when he retired from the New York Fire Department 30 years ago.

He had no family or relatives, and so he took a little flat in a quiet city street and settled down to spend the autumn of his life by himself.

But as he grew older the journey up and down to his tiny flat became longer and longer, and finally his old legs could not tackle the three flights. So he decided to ask Frank if he would like to earn a little pocket-money each week by running errands for him. Frank was a bright-eyed schoolboy who lived near, and he was delighted at the prospect of making a few dollars. Every afternoon

on his way home from school he would come racing up the stairs two at a time to bring the old man his papers, tobacco, and food. The two became great friends, the boy cheering up the old fireman by telling him the gossip of the neighbourhood and bringing his wireless up to the flat two or three nights a week.

But when Frank left school he could not find work. For ten years the boy was one of the unemployed; and now it was the old man's turn to cheer the young man up.

The other day the veteran fireman passed away, and it was found that he had left all his savings, quite a lot of money, to Frank, his only friend.

The Boy and the Miserables

We have been looking through our files and come upon this story of one of the famous men of our time.

MUSSOLINI, when he was a lad, humble and unknown, found an old tattered copy of Victor Hugo's great book "Les Misérables" in an Italian translation and would read the book aloud in a cowshed, where his neighbours would pass the time of day.

They sat around in the dark corners, while the oil lamp hanging from the roof sent forth its flickering light, and the shadows came and went upon the floor. The oxen went on eating their

hay and ruminating. The women proceeded with their cooking and baking; the men smoked their pipes and drank the weak wine which comes from pressing the already-used grapes.

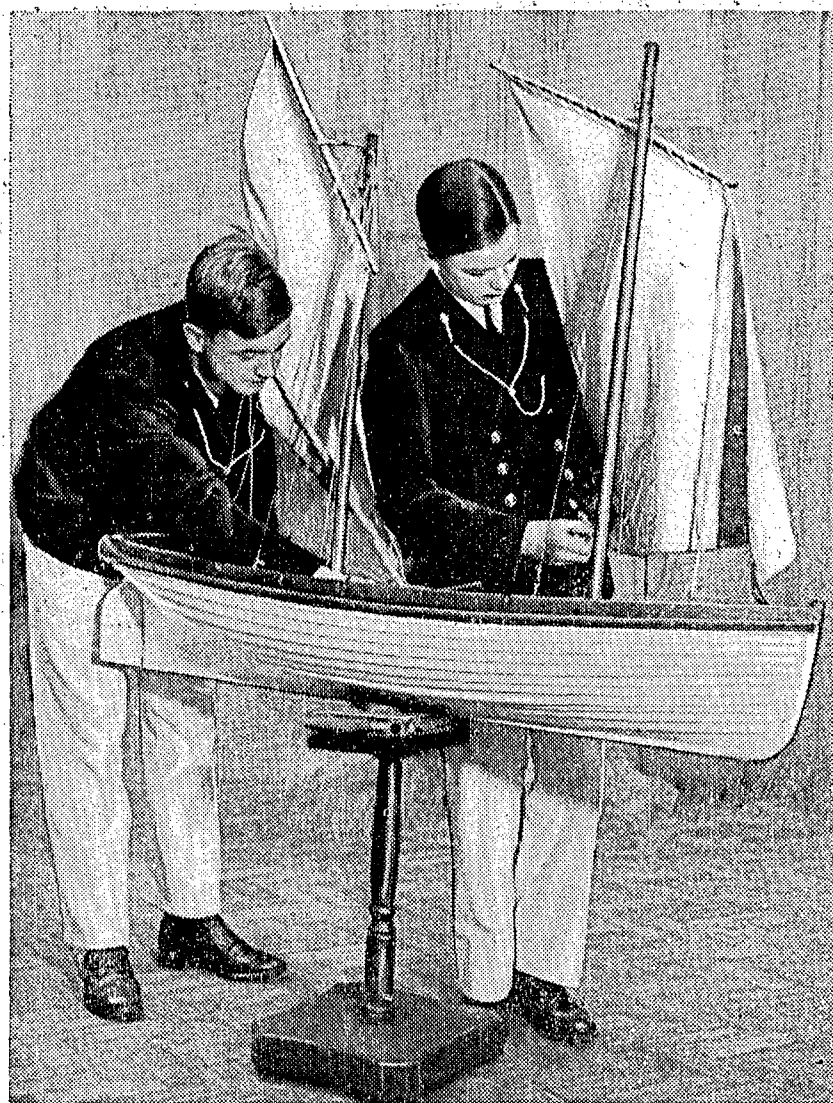
It was in this setting, and in the warm atmosphere generated by the breath of cattle, that Benito Mussolini read the book, reading on and on till eleven or twelve o'clock. Then the people would go walking to their homes over the glistening snow with their big lanterns, their hearts still quivering over the misfortunes of the good convict and the great love of Mario.



The Queen of the Woods—Drawn by a child of seven at the School of the Bruderhof Community at Oaksey in Wiltshire



ARMY GIRLS The working of a car engine explained to girls of the ATS at a London depot



NAVY BOYS Future officers of the Navy learning about the rigging of a sailing vessel at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth

The Little Band of Men Who Saved New Zealand

WE hear much in this Centenary Year of New Zealand about the famous Treaty of Waitangi, which brought and kept New Zealand under the Flag, but little enough has been said about the real secret of the Treaty's success.

The truth is that it owed everything to a tiny band of missionaries.

In his Voyage of the Beagle Darwin placed on record his admiration for the work a group of missionaries were doing when he called in 1835, but the story begins several years before that.

The Apostle of New Zealand was Samuel Marsden, of whom we have often read in the C.N. He was a Yorkshire tradesman's son who won a scholarship to Cambridge, where he came under the influence of Charles Simeon.

The Maori Stowaway

Marsden became a clergyman and was the second chaplain to be sent to Australia to minister to the convicts. This was in 1794, and as the years passed he met stray Maoris from New Zealand. Practically all that was known of the Maoris then was in Captain Cook's book of his voyages, and when Marsden returned to London to ask for missionaries to these cannibal islands only a shoemaker, a carpenter, and a schoolmaster were available.

On his voyage back to Australia he found on board a Maori stowaway who had been brought to England and turned adrift, and had stolen

his voyage back across the world. The Maori proved to be Ruatara, nephew of a chief Mr Marsden had treated well in Australia.

Marsden bought a small ship and sent to New Zealand two of the missionaries from London, who were welcomed by Ruatara and his friends; and ultimately Marsden followed them, arriving at the Bay of Islands to find two Maori tribes about to join battle. Marsden threw himself between them and persuaded them to make peace, and a week or so afterwards he held the first Christian service in New Zealand.

The Fearful Waste of War

It happened that at this very time a significant event was taking place on the other side of the globe. For the last time in our history we were at war with America, and it was decided to take the frigate President to Bermudas, a prize crew being put on board under a young lieutenant, a Nottingham boy named Henry Williams, who had seen many sea-fights and been severely wounded. It proved a perilous voyage from which all barely escaped with their lives, and it set Williams thinking about the fearful waste of war.

Peace had actually been signed just before the sea-fight took place, and Williams was placed on half-pay. He married, and it happened that he began to read the Missionary Register, a paper lent him by a brother-in-law. In it he learnt of difficulties which had arisen in New Zealand, where the Maoris had become restive, and a

chief named Hongi had come to London to buy arms.

Henry Williams resolved to go out with his wife to try to save the situation. He studied medicine, and became a clergyman, and in 1822 sailed with his wife and their three children in a convict ship for Sydney. There they met Marsden, who warned them that their proposed station, Whangaroa, had been the scene of a massacre of British seamen. But Williams went on, and Marsden accompanied them across the Tasman Sea.

Building a wooden hut at Paihia, on the shore of the Bay of Plenty, Henry Williams began a life of courage and devotion which continued for over 40 years. His Maori neighbours mocked and stole, but they yielded to his courage. Brave themselves, they admired bravery in others. The crisis came when Hongi having died, his tribe and their Maori foes prepared for battle.

Peace and Christianity

Henry Williams brought about peace, as Marsden had done 14 years before, and with peace Christianity began to spread. A 50-ton schooner which he and his brother designed and built during the next two years helped on the good work.

In January 1840 a very different ship arrived, a British warship bringing Captain Hobson with a commission from the queen. Hobson's first step was to send for Williams, who helped to draw up that Treaty of Waitangi, which has now been kept

for a century. Not only did Henry Williams do this, but he translated it into simple Maori language, and sat at the right hand of the captain when he met the chiefs of the North Island.

There remained the wilder South Island to conquer, so Williams and other missionaries took horse and canoe and visited all the important Maori settlements there, with the satisfaction of securing 400 signatures to the Treaty.

The Champion of the Maoris

All was now good weather for the development of New Zealand, and the only difficulty arose when the greed of the new settlers led them to grasp at land which had been promised to the Maoris. This almost led to a serious war, but Williams once more proved himself the saviour of the country, braving the abuse of his fellow-countrymen and even being accused by Sir George Grey, the famous Governor (in a secret despatch to Mr Gladstone), of being the chief cause of the disputes! It was a rare case of a governor being misled.

For 20 more years Henry Williams carried on his work, eventually winning the high regard of Sir George Grey and settling impending native disputes by his high courage. He died at Pakaraka in 1867, and nine years later the Maoris erected a memorial cross by the church at Paihia, where the devoted missionary and his wife had begun their invaluable labours over forty years earlier.

IN OTHER HANDS

Where the Roots of Happiness Lie

It was towards the end of last month that the Admiralty sent word that Lieutenant Brian Gore-Booth was to be presumed dead. Son of Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth of Lissadel in Ireland, he was only 27 when he went down with the Exmouth.

As recently as Christmas this fine young man with his dreams wrote:

It is Christmas Day and I am at sea—a wonderful day with marvellous lights in the sky at dawn, and one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen. I suppose for everyone engaged in war today seemed rather a mockery—to talk of peace and goodwill when one is engaged on a mission of destruction. But still the old spirit has done us all good.

These words are from one of the last letters he wrote:

I feel we are not fighting for victory only, but to exterminate all sorts of Evil Things.

If one had never been through it one might never have found its inner meanings—that the roots of happiness lie in service for others and forgetfulness of self, and in self-sacrifice. I know now some ancient truths I never knew before; I have tasted the strength of leaving oneself in other Hands in time of great adversity.

Solving the Drink Question

Dear Editor, In your article entitled "The Drink Question Solves Itself Slowly" the sentence should be turned round: "Men and women through effort and abstinence are solving the Drink Question slowly."

But since 1932 they have not been solving it, even slowly. The figures for drunkenness rose from 30,000 in that year to 46,600 in 1938. Worse still, there has been a great increase in convictions for drunkenness among First Offenders, often young offenders.

The young offender who gets drunk often thinks it was the last glass that beat him. There would never have been a last glass if there had not been a first. Fitness and Drink don't mix, as so many of our best athletes have shown.

We need to remember that if we are to begin again to solve the Drink Question, as we ought in these days of great national danger.

Yours sincerely, James H. Hudson, formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer

Life in the Old Mine Still

Cymmer Colliery at Porth, Glamorgan, after keeping the home fires burning for 100 years is now being dismantled.

Once it turned out 3000 tons of coal a day and it still has a spark of life.

Fifty years ago, when the miners took lights with them for the fires to boil their kettles, one of them set fire to a pocket of "free gas." It burnt for some time, and seemed to have no end, but as even in those days its presence seemed dangerous a two-inch pipe was made to take the gas up to the surface.

There for 50 years it burnt, and would carry on still, but as the gas blows out at the rate of 650 cubic feet an hour it has been decided to bottle it!

The Old Lady and the Boys

Twelve boys in San Francisco know what it is like to have a fairy god-mother. When old Mrs Margaret Shafter passed away the other day it was found that she had left in her will 100 dollars each to a dozen lads who had run messages for her and posted her letters.

Townfolk Look at the Country

LIFE GOES ON IN THE OLD, OLD WAY

THOUSANDS of townfolk and town children are learning to love and understand the country. It is one of the good things that are happening.

The quick-witted town children moved in a night to this new world soon found that it was not all flowers and fields, hedgerows and coppices, but that the farms and villages, the hamlets and the little towns, had a life of their own.

When the mothers and fathers, the elder brothers and sisters, came down to see their children at the weekend, the children told them all about it. Townspeople and town children are beginning to get an idea of the country they never had before.

This was borne in on us at a country town somewhere in the south, where evacuated children arrived to be afterwards distributed in the surrounding villages. Because the little town reminds them of the big town they have left, the children grasp eagerly any opportunity to come on an excursion to see what it has to show.

We met a party of them who had been brought to see the town's new cathedral, now rising on the windy hill. The children, a gay chattering throng, lost their shyness, and with cockney readiness were soon instructing the lady conducting the party in the wonders of this splendid house of prayer, set like a lighthouse far above the town, and the new streets lapping the feet of the hill. They might not climb the ladders reaching to the points of its arches; but they could explore the crypt, and wonder what the sculptor was doing who was carving the bishop's arms above a lintel.

Silence on the Hilltop

"They will bring their mothers and fathers to see it," their guide and friend told us, "they always do." So next Sunday a larger party, exiles from the big town, will come here to see what is doing, and the Saturday or Sunday after that the party will still be growing. They will wonder and admire that the little town should go steadily on building its cathedral though wars rage about it, and the years of its completion may not be counted. There is an encompassing silence on the hilltop, broken only by the chink of the mason's hammer, but the hammers beat time to the unsung songs of praise that will arise to the Lord

who built the hills, from generations of children yet unborn.

Yet another scene from the little town on one of its busy days. A few London children are about the streets. You can always tell them from the others by their sharp inquiring faces, and some are peering hopefully at the entrance to the old Guildhall. We who have the privilege of age may tell them what they are likely to see within.

It is a beautiful hall inside, with panelling going halfway up to its black hammer-beam roof, and the full-length portraits of bewigged dignitaries looking uncommonly like Stuart sovereigns. The eye wanders from them to the row of velvet chairs on the dais, where sits the Chairman with his fellow magistrates to see justice done.

Be Just and Fear Not

There were the usual and not unexpected cases of offenders who had not dimmed the lights of their cycles or cars, and after these the Court and the cases assumed a different complexion, receding almost into another century. There was a plaintiff with a strong Norman face, and a name almost of Norman days, who had had difficulties with a tenant who had asked him to behave as a Christian gentleman—as indeed he had done; and there was a poacher who clearly belonged to the days of George the Third. His story was plausible, the Chairman had seen him before. So he did not leave the Court without a stain on his character.

Below the Stuart portraits the old clock ticked on as it has done for three centuries while witnesses have come and gone. Beside it was the panel painted in bright lettering with the words "Be Just and Fear Not"; and in this old county hall justice continues to be done, week in week out, whatever happens in the world outside. At all times the country lives its own life with this motto as its guiding star.

One thing we were glad to see as strangers in this old familiar town. It is a map and picture guide to this town of Guildford drawn by our friend Mr Sidney Turner, who for so long did our CN maps. Hundreds of CN readers must have looked at it in passing, little thinking that the pen which made it was for so long responsible for a favourite bit of the CN itself.

My Lord the Pig

NOTHING has more impressed the Americans than our increase of the bacon ration, which together with the reduction in price is so agreeable to the British housewife. The Americans say that it will be much less agreeable to the Nazis, who, in this war as in the last, are very hard put to it to save their bacon.

In the last war, before the U-boat menace was subdued, our food supplies, especially of meat and fat, were in danger. America then came to our aid with abundant supplies of bacon, and one day the United States representative

came into a room at the Government department where the present writer was sitting to announce the extent of the American resources. Said he, "I want to tell you right here and now that we have one hog for every man, woman, and child in the United States. So set your minds at rest."

It may also be recalled that in 1914 the Germans made the unscientific mistake of killing off their pigs to save cereals, and so began the shortage of fats from which they suffered so much. We avoided the mistake in time.

Little Books of Long Ago

SOME forgotten children's books that our great-great-grandparents read when George the Third was king lie open for inspection at the London Library to which they have just been lent.

They are all very small, but evidently were expensive, as we may see from their illustrations and the title pages, which all declare that they are for "young gentlemen and ladies."

One is a Bible in a tiny volume, and there is a History of the World cut down to still narrower space. One of the oddest of these odd volumes is "The

Newtonian System of Philosophy, adapted to the capacities of young gentlemen and ladies, and now familiarised and made entertaining by objects with which they are intimately acquainted." It is said to be the subject of lectures to the Lilliputian Club by Tom Telescope.

In lighter vein is The Adventures of a Threepence and The Youthful Jester, or Repository of Wit and Innocent Amusement. It contains "Merry Jests, Laughable Anecdotes, and Smart Repartees."

ARE RICHES WORTH WHILE?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. Is it worth while to be wealthy?

The Man. That depends on what we mean by wealth. If we mean the piling-up of a great fortune, it is certainly not worth while to make it our aim in life. If we mean well being, which is true wealth, we cannot value it too highly or seek it too earnestly.

Boy. What I had in mind was plenty of money to spend.

Man. Then you have your answer. To attain well being, the true wealth, we need a reasonably good supply of money to buy comfort and recreation for ourselves and those who depend on us. So a man owes it to himself and his dear ones to labour for a secure income. If he can win freedom from care in his prime, he can enjoy that wonderful thing we call independence. As Robert Burns put it:

*Not for to hide it in a hedge
Or for a train dependent,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.*

Boy. There must be a limit, I suppose, to spending money on comfort?

Man. Indeed there is, and it is very soon reached. If one has two pounds a week to live on the addition of a pound makes a great difference to us; if we have twenty pounds a week the addition of a pound matters little. If we have a hundred pounds a week another pound is of no consequence at all. In practice a moderate income buys all the things worth buying except travel, and that palls after a time. What we need, all that we need, is enough money to enable us to make the best of our own being, to support our dependents, and to free us from carking care. Let me ask you a question. You are young and healthy; would you care to change yourself into a man, not very healthy, but owning a big fortune?

Boy. It is easy to answer that: I would rather remain as I am, a boy with a very little pocket-money, but full of hope.

Man. Then you have the true philosophy of wealth. You have Youth and Health, and while you have not much money you have Hope and Aspiration, worth much more than money. All these things you can retain, for so long as you are healthy, so long as you cherish hope, so long as you keep your aspiration, you will remain young; you will be wealthy because you are self-possessed of life, you will be (although lacking a fortune) a fortunate fellow.

Boy. It must be a bitter thing to be a grown man and poor.

Man. Yes, but be clear in your mind what you mean by being poor. To be at the mercy of charity or public assistance is a cruel fate usually avoided by prudence and care in youth; but to be poor in the sense of having small means, while carrying on great work—that is a glorious thing, as has been proved by thousands of examples of scientists, writers, artists, and others whose names are written in the golden records of mankind. Who would not rather die a Curie or a Francis of Assisi than a millionaire who never learned what to do with a great fortune?

Boy. Ought I to begin saving money?

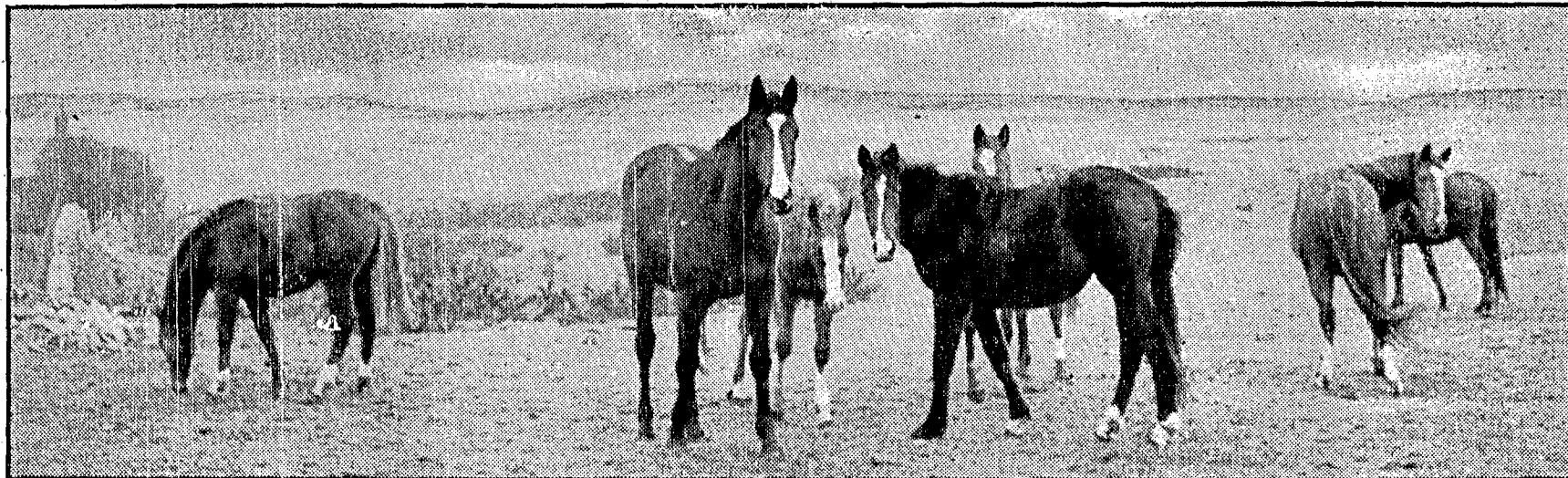
Man. Certainly; but we will talk of that another time.

The Sons Go Forth to War

From a home in York we hear of a father and seven sons now serving in the war; from a home at Sutton-at-Hone in Kent seven sons have gone; and a Hull family has the father and five sons now serving at sea.

C N STRIP

HORSES ON THE HILLSIDE



A delightful camera study by a C N photographer in Lancashire

The Women of the Island

A NEW tocsin is sounding, bidding the young women of our land to the lines behind the battlefront so that, like their mothers a quarter of a century ago, they may help their kinsmen in the gigantic task of winning the war.

There can scarcely be any phase of employment for woman during current hostilities that was not admirably discharged by the skill, courage, and adaptability of the women of the Great War. We now have their example on which to base procedure.

Until then our wars had been conducted by our Navy and a small Army, but in 1914 the vastness of the forces

by which we were confronted demanded the service of practically all our manhood.

For the first time women took the place of men to enable the fighting ranks to be filled. Women ploughed and sowed and reaped; they milked the cows and delivered the milk; they drove taxis, cars, and ambulances; they acted as gas inspectors and gas fitters, as electricians, as conductors of trams and buses; as ticket collectors and inspectors on the railways; as postmen, messengers, assistants in the shops; as barbers, bank clerks, dental assistants, and, of course, as doctors.

There were hospitals for wounded soldiers staffed entirely by women surgeons and nurses.

Next to the incomparable services of women as nurses, even close up to the battle line, their most invaluable aid was given in the manufacture of munitions. Beginning a little nervously, with men to lift the heavier metal for them, they developed into independent units producing complete shells entirely by themselves. They had their special place in the making of aircraft; they became skilled metallurgists; thousands worked abroad behind the Front as cooks and laundresses, and in the great

salvage operations that saved us millions of pounds a year from waste redeemed.

There were women coppersmiths, armourers, and gun-repairers; women made chains and nails and bolts; they ground lenses for optical instruments.

There was nothing that women could not do, short of actual fighting; and the response to the new call for service, arduous, irksome, and charged with peril, as much of it is, shows that the women of 1940 are prepared willingly and with courage and self-denial to take their place beside the men as their aunts and mothers so heroically did a quarter of a century ago.

In the Country Now—Birds Are Beginning To Build Their Nests

It is interesting at this time of year to look out for the first nest. Will it be a robin's, a starling's, a ringdove's, a sparrow's, or a thrush's? It may be any of these, but most likely you will find first a song-thrush's nest, partly because the bird is an early nester, and partly because this bird seems to take less trouble to conceal its nest than other birds.

The nest may be in the fork of a tree not yet in leaf, or it may be in a thick evergreen bush, or in the ivy on the wall. You may even find it in a pile of faggots in a back corner of the garden or yard. It is made of twigs, roots, and dried grass, neatly plastered inside with mud to look like a bowl, in which from four to six brown-spotted, greenish blue eggs will be able to lie comfortably.

A bird very much in evidence just now is the bullfinch, which, directly the fruit buds are swollen, goes into the garden, to the disgust of the gardener, and makes a hearty meal off them. He and his wife are both there, and the ruby hue of the

breast gives a pleasing touch of colour. His plaintive whistling, though not very musical when compared with other birds, is attractive enough as a herald of coming spring. The pleasure of the bullfinch's company now, however, will prove expensive later on, for the more he visits your buds in February the less fruit you will have on your bushes in July and August.

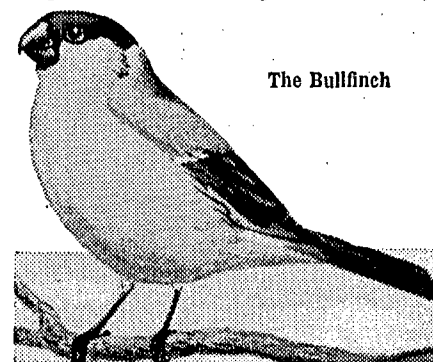
The greenfinch has begun to sing, and the ringdove's cooing is very noticeable.

Now and then a goshawk may be seen in the very early spring, and is worth looking out for. It has longer legs in proportion than the falcon, and shorter wings, and is more strongly built than the sparrowhawk. The talons and beak, too, are more powerful.

Earthworms are beginning to lie out in the open once again; and the heath snail, the first of the snails to make its appearance, should be looked for. It has a graceful shell, circular and flattened in form, with a nearly circular mouth and six whorls, and is usually white in colour.

Though common in limestone and chalk districts, it is familiar elsewhere.

Of quite a different appearance is the laminated close shell, that of another land snail. This is a long, thin, spindle-shaped shell, semi-transparent and shiny,



The Bullfinch

and is in colour yellow or reddish brown, though sometimes greenish white. It is popularly known as the trap-door snail, because just inside the mouth of the

shell is a little trap-door which opens outward, and is easily pushed out by the snail when it wants to travel. At the slightest sign of danger, however, the creature retires and the trap-door springs back, closing the entrance.

The drone-fly is making its appearance, and several moths may be looked for, including the small eggar, the oak beauty, the grey shoulder knot, and the dark swordgrass. The first-named is very punctual in its February appearance, and the last two, which have hibernated through the winter, may be found when the weather is mild at the end of February on the flowers of spurge laurel, and later on will be seen on the sallow blossoms.

The handsomest moth of the four is the oak beauty, for, although its colours are not bright, the general effect is rich and striking.

Among the trees, the alder and yew are flowering, and the blossoms of the lesser periwinkle and the pilewort may be gathered in many parts.

The Ten-Year Fight For Daylight Saving

I WAS a Member of Parliament in 1916, writes a C N correspondent, when the measure to save daylight by putting the clock forward was passed into law at last.

I say at last because William Willett first made the proposal in 1907, when a Bill was vainly introduced into Parliament to carry it out.

Mr Willett was a London builder, and an excellent one; houses built by him bear a trade mark respected by all. Unfortunately the man who gave us so great a blessing, and one so easily contrived, died in 1915, the year before the measure became law, though he had fought for it eight years.

This year the Government has decided to begin daylight saving on February 25, and the fact is universally welcomed. It will save us much electricity and many lives.

Looking back, we cannot but be struck with the fact that it took nearly ten years to get this idea through Parliament. A Select Committee of the House of Commons was set up in 1908 to report on the Bill, and gave its verdict in favour of it. In 1909 the Bill passed the Commons, but it was again referred to Committee and was rejected by one vote. So we began the Great War without it; but war conditions helped the measure and it became law, as we have said, after the great conflict began. It took the Great War to get this wonderful idea, so powerful for good yet so simple in every way, into the heads of our people and on to the Statute Book.

An object-lesson, surely, in the value of tenacity—and in the persistence of a democratic Parliament.

THREE TRUE LITTLE TALES

These three little stories are sent to us by a C N reader who came across them in a Kansas paper.

"WELL, what can I do for you to-day?" smiled a florist in San Francisco to a seven-year-old customer the other day.

"I want some flowers for my Mummy," said the little girl. "It's her birthday." And she chose a beautiful big bouquet and ordered it to be sent to her home, giving the florist a dime (ten-cent piece) for it.

The next day the child's mother hurried round to the shop to pay the rest of the cost of her present.

"Madam," said the clerk, "the flowers are already paid for. A dime is a great deal of money to a child, and her thought for you is settlement of her account with us."

A Kansas man buying his cinema ticket saw a youngster ahead of him give the cashier some extra money.

"What is this for?" said the cashier. "Oh, don't you remember? Last week I forgot to bring any money and you let me in for nothing!"

When the small daughter of the De Long household in Princetown, New Jersey, was late home from school not long ago her family asked her where she had been, and it turned out that she had paid a formal call on Professor Einstein. Her father was much amused to hear this, but he was still more amused when he happened to meet the physicist in the street a few days later.

"The reason your little girl called on me," explained the professor to the interested father, "was to ask me to help her with her arithmetic-lesson."

The Red Man's Chance

NOW A GROWING RACE

The Red Indians in the United States are taking a new lease of life, for they have been told that they are no longer a vanishing race.

Everywhere the Red men are adjusting themselves to modern life and becoming self-reliant, and less unsettled in their habits. Some run salmon canneries, cattle ranges, and hay farms; others choose oyster culture, and some run a municipal water plant.

A new era began for these men when the American Government set up an Indian Health Service in 1924. Four years later the Indian population began to increase, but it was in 1934 that the most important forward step was taken. This was the Indian Reorganisation Act, which gave the tribes a free hand in their own affairs and allowed them to have a say in the development of their natural resources and their future. As a result of that Act Indian lands are today increasing instead of dwindling, and the Indian is looking into the future with confidence.

Every Soldier Comes to Town

There is no better guide for him than

ARTHUR MEE'S LONDON

Give him a copy or put it in the camp library. It will tell him all he wants to know and everything to see. There is no single volume anywhere to rival it for facts, stories, and pictures of London.

HODDER & STOUGHTON 12s 6d

There is Fashion in Food

With the modern speed of transport it might be imagined that foods the world over would become known to all, but it is not so; different lands stick to their own likes and dislikes in the way of diet.

Our Imperial soldiers have very different tastes. Whereas the Canadian favours coffee, the Australians like tea, strong and sweet. The Canadians do not care so much as we do for plain roast meat and plainer vegetables. They are fond of pies—meat-pies and apple-pies. The flat apple-pie is a common and delicious dish all over the North American continent.

In North America tea is still not much in favour. When it is served at an American restaurant it comes on a tray with a glass of water.

And, speaking of water, why is it so little seen on our restaurant tables? In America water is always on the table, is always on tap in railway trains, and is always cold and palatable. And, as all C.N. readers know, it is the drink of lions, and much better for men than beer.

The Waiting Hours

The Liverpool Council of Social Service has suggested a splendid job for A.R.P. wardens who are waiting for the air raid which we all hope will never come. They suggest that wardens should do what they can to discover lonely people and arrange with churches or welfare workers to have these people visited by sympathetic individuals.

MYSTERY OF CERES

Shining Fragment of a Lost World

VENUS, now mounting higher in the western sky, evening by evening, is passing each of the other planets in turn. Jupiter was passed on Tuesday last and is now below and to the west of her. Venus can now be seen to be drawing nearer to Saturn; she will pass him on Friday, March 8, when he will appear some way below Venus and of course less bright.

Mercury is now very well placed for observation (from 7 until 7.30, Summer Time) in the late twilight sky low in the west. But this good opportunity will last for only about a week longer as Mercury is gradually getting between us and the Sun, and therefore sets earlier.

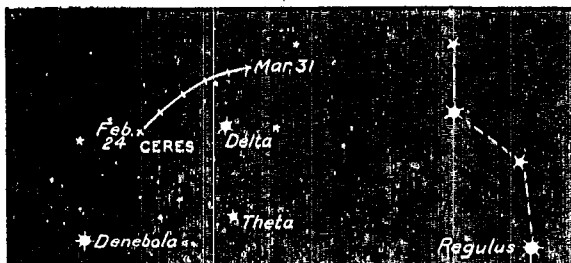
Mercury is actually much nearer than Venus, and therefore is, just at present, the nearest of the planets, Mercury being about 75 million miles away and Venus about 103 million miles. Both are coming nearer, Venus at the rate of about half a million miles a day, but Mercury nearly twice as fast, and so rapidly overtaking the Earth that by March 15 he will have reached his nearest, passing almost between our world and the Sun, and in consequence becoming quite invisible.

Ceres, another rarely seen little world, is now in the south-east sky. She appears to be passing through the Tail of the constellation of Leo, the Lion, and along the path indicated in the star-map. Good glasses will be needed to find her, as this little planetoid appears only as bright as a seventh-magnitude star, but quite easy to see if the observer knows just where to look.

The path of Ceres will be easy to locate by means of the moderately bright star Delta in Leo. This portion of Leo can be readily identified almost midway between the south-east horizon and overhead late in the evening, say after 9 o'clock. If viewed earlier it will be more to the east. Ceres will appear about as faint as the smallest stars shown on the star-map, but may be recognised by her movement from evening to evening. This amounts to rather more than twice the apparent

width of the Moon in the course of a week, and so will be obvious because all the other stars will appear fixed.

Thus this little world, only 477 miles in diameter, may be seen as a tiny point of light—reflected sunlight—speeding on its path and actually about 160 million miles away. As she is almost at her nearest to us and the Moon is conveniently out of the way, this is the best time to get a glimpse of Ceres.



The chief stars of Leo, the Lion, showing the present position of Ceres, X, and her path during the next five weeks, as seen through glasses

Ceres is the largest piece to remain intact of the world which, long ages ago, appears to have exploded or been smashed into at least 2500 fragments. For this is the number known to revolve approximately where a large planet should be. Moreover, the orbits of a large number of these planetoids or asteroids have been traced back until they meet at practically the same point where a large planet would appear to have existed long ago. It has been calculated that between 40,000 and 50,000 of these fragments exist, most of them merely lumps of rock resembling small mountains, whirling through space, in definite orbits but largely deflected, this way and that, by the gravitational pull of the planets, particularly Jupiter.

Considerable variety of material substance appears to compose these fragments, Ceres and Vesta being notable examples of this; for although Ceres is known to be the largest she is not the brightest. Vesta, with a diameter of only 243 miles, averages one-fifth brighter than Ceres and is sometimes visible to the naked eye. Some of these little bodies also vary periodically in brightness, as if they rotated and alternately presented light and dark strata to our view.

G. F. M.

Seven Towns and Their Millions

THE report of the Commission to inquire into the crowding of industrial population into a few great areas has now appeared, and it stresses the growing importance of this serious problem.

The density of our population is exceeded only by Belgium, and we learn once more what the C.N. has so often pointed out, that one quarter of England and Wales contains their chief industrial areas today, with three-quarters of our population, whereas at the beginning of last century it contained less than half. The population of London and the Home Counties alone has grown in 14 years by over a million.

Our country, owing to this remarkable congestion, which has also become

as serious in the Glasgow district of Scotland, presents to Germany bigger and easier targets than Germany presents to Britain. Actually London is the greatest target in the world, and an enormous part of the British population is crowded into seven great town areas: London and about; Manchester; Birmingham and about; West Yorkshire; Glasgow; Merseyside; and Tyneside.

The chief towns in these areas alone contain some twenty million men, women, and children.

There is nothing like this crowding in and around cities in any other part of the world. Thus we are in peculiar danger in air warfare, and that is the reason why our Government was so insistent on the evacuation of schoolchildren.

The Birds at the Aerodromes

ARE the man-birds driving the older denizens of the air from their haunts?

There are numerous aerodromes in remote country places, and it might be thought that the birds would be scared by the unaccustomed bustle and noise of the planes. Bird-lovers at some R.A.F. stations have been taking note of some of their neighbours. Close by one aerodrome in Scotland redshank, snipe, and even the Arctic skua, have been seen; and a kestrel frequently flies round aircraft waiting to take off.

At another station plovers have become so tame that they will rise only if a passer-by stops and looks directly at them. Anti-aircraft gunners have also found that most birds soon become used to wartime disturbances.

Observers at another station saw approaching what appeared to be a flight of marauding planes. They turned out to be nothing more warlike than a gaggle of geese flying in V formation. With poor light or with the sun behind them, high-flying geese may easily be mistaken for planes flying in formation.

The Planter in the Air

HOW THE PLANE HELPED

Millions of seeds sprouted with surprise the other day when they were dropped from an aeroplane over 12,000 acres of grazing land in southern Idaho.

This range land, which was too steep for seeding by ordinary methods, had been overgrazed, and the seeding was made by the United States Forest Service and the Soil Conservation Service to re-establish plants which would reduce erosion and provide more feed for cattle ranging. Sweet clover, crested wheat grass, and bulbous blue grass were shot into the ether out of small bins pierced with holes four inches square which were built into the aeroplane.

Test flights were made across strips of cloth to find out how wide a strip was seeded at different heights. It was found that when the plane was 300 feet up the seeds fell in a strip about 100 feet in width. One man stayed on the ground during the seeding with a white flag to mark the strips for the pilot, and to call a halt when the wind blew too strongly. In all about 6000 pounds of seeds were scattered in a dozen trips, the machine being in the air for ten hours.

Is it Nothing to You, Who Sit by the Fire?

Those in peril on the sea never had more need for our solicitude than in this hard winter. The sea can be cruel, but man can be crueller.

Do we sufficiently realise what it is to battle with icy waters in a gale, whether on warship or merchant ship? Do we know, in any real sense, that men are dying for us day by day and night by night? And what do they get for it?

The National Maritime Board, which was set up by the first Ministry of Shipping in 1917 and is now a private body, has just raised the rates of pay of officers, men, and boys, while it has placed the seaman in the same position as the officer in what is called Seafarers War Risk Money. Men will in future get £5 and boys £2 10s a month war risk money.

These figures are extra on ordinary pay, which for an able seaman is £10 12s 6d a month, with such free lodging and food as the ship affords. So that a seaman in this time of war draws only 23s 4d a week extra for the hazards he runs in serving not his employers alone but the nation.

When we read of the wages earned by men making munitions, the earnings of our seamen, even at the new rates, seems ridiculously small.

Queen Elizabeth's Doctor

All the marvels of electricity own Dr William Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, for their godfather. He was born just 400 years ago in a lovely house we may see in Colchester, and his centenary is perhaps the most distinguished of any to be held this year. He lived in an age of great men; he might have seen Shakespeare and Raleigh and Drake, but nobody then would have compared this quiet doctor with them.

Yet he was the first Englishman to think out the reason and meaning of electricity and magnetism, and his book about them was praised by the great Galileo as a "stupendous conception on a matter treated by many sublime intellects and solved by none." He wrote it when he was 60 years old, and so introduced a century which was to know William Harvey and Isaac Newton.

THE CLUE IN THE CABIN

A Complete Story of Adventure, by Christopher Beck

Two boys stood before a small cabin in a lonely valley among the wild mountains of British Columbia. Great gloomy cliffs walled the gorge and a creek roared hoarsely down the centre. Around the cabin grew bushes and grass, but, farther up, the valley floor was littered with enormous boulders.

Leslie Strahan, younger of the two brothers, a slim, dark, keen-eyed lad, looked round and shivered slightly.

"Did you ever see such a gloomy place, Ralph?" he asked.

"Never mind what it looks like," replied stocky Ralph impatiently. "It's what's inside that counts." As he spoke he was fitting a key into the lock. The rusty hinges creaked as he pushed the door open. Both boys stepped in and pulled up short.

"They've got ahead of us," growled Ralph in dismay, as he looked round the wrecked room. The bunk had been torn from the wall, the stove was upset, the pots and pans lay on the floor, everything was topsy-turvy.

"It's Abe Crundall," Leslie said briefly. "As you say, he's got ahead of us. I wonder if he's found the clue and got the gold?"

"Hush!" said Ralph, who had ears as quick as those of a hare. "Someone's coming!"

The Stranger

A MAN was walking up the creek towards the cabin. He was fat, yet stepped as lightly as a cat. As he came nearer the boys saw that he had a large white face, small sharp eyes, and a wide mouth with thin lips.

"I see you coming," he said in an oddly high-pitched voice. "You're John Strahan's boys, I reckon."

"We are," replied Leslie politely. "May I ask your name?"

"Sure! Sanders I'm called. Harry's the first name. You going to work Bill Burrit's claim?"

"My brother and I are going to fix up the place so that my father can work it. My father is laid up with a bad ankle. That's why we came alone."

"Right brave of you," said Sanders. "Well, if I can help you any way just call on me. I lives a little way down the creek."

"You are very kind," said Leslie. Sanders waved his fat hand. "So long then," he said, and went off.

Ralph frowned as he watched him go. "I don't like him," he muttered.

"No more do I," Leslie agreed. "Did you notice he didn't say a word about the cabin being wrecked? I shouldn't wonder if he is a friend of Abe Crundall."

"And Crundall's got the gold," groaned Ralph. He clenched his fists. "We must get it back. We must have the money for Dad's operation."

"We must," Leslie said firmly. "But our first job is to clear up this mess."

Leslie had said that his father was laid up with a bad ankle. The truth was that his leg had been horribly smashed by a falling tree. John Strahan had been checker for a lumber company and had earned a fair salary; but he had a wife and three children, so had not been able to save much. Now all his savings were spent, and the doctor said he would have to go to Vancouver for an operation or be a cripple for life.

This is where the boys came in. During the previous summer they had chanced on an old chap caught by the leg in the cruel jaws of a hidden bear trap and half dead with pain and starvation. They had got him out of the trap, put him on a horse, and taken him to their home, where he quickly recovered. His name was Bill Burrit, and he and the boys became great friends.

Bill was English and had been well educated. He had become prospector, and now, he told them, had a paying claim on Sapphire Creek.

"And when I die," he said to the boys, "I'm going to leave it to you fellows."

They of course had never thought twice of his promise, and it was a shock when they got a letter from him to say he was dying from pneumonia and that they were to have his claim.

"I have a packet of dust hidden away," he wrote, "and that's for you two. The trouble is I've had to hide it. There's a man here called Abe Crundall. He's a bad hat.

He's tried to rob me more than once but hasn't succeeded so far. But I dare not tell you where I've hidden the dust for it's on the cards Crundall will sneak in and see this letter after I'm gone. All I can say is that the clue is in the cabin. You'll find it, Leslie, and I hope it will do you both good. You were always good to me. Give my love to your mother."

The brothers set to work cleaning up the mess and making the place fit to live in. And while they worked they hunted for the clue.

"Why did he say you could find it, Les?" Ralph asked, as he nailed the bunk back into place. Leslie did not answer, and Ralph looked round to see his brother staring fixedly at the wall behind the stove. He came across.

"What's up?" he demanded.

Leslie pointed, and Ralph saw scribbles in pencil on the wall. The top line read, "Bacon, 10 lbs left." The next, "Flour, one barrel." Below were some words which were not English. Ralph read them out. *Lympha pudica Deum vidit*. Latin, isn't it? What's it mean, Les?

"The modest water saw its God," Les translated. His eyes shone. "It's the clue, Ralph."

"The clue. I can't make head or tail of it." "But I can. It means that the dust is hidden in clear water."

Ralph gazed at his brother. "The spring?" he said.

"You've got it, old chap. What could be a better hiding-place? No one would think twice of Bill going to his spring for water, and what would be easier than to bury his dust in the bottom of the little pool."

Ralph jumped for the door, but Leslie grasped his arm.

"Steady, you ass! Do you want to give the whole show away? You can be sure Abe Crundall is watching us."

"I—I hadn't thought of that," Ralph stammered.

"Just as well that I did," said Leslie drily. "See here. Take a bucket and go and fill it at the spring. As you go and come keep your eyes open."

"Right," said Ralph, and pushed off. He was back in five minutes, full of excitement.

"I spotted him all right. He was hidden in the bushes close by the creek. He stuck his head up as I dipped the bucket. And, Les—it was that same fat man."

Leslie nodded.

"I thought as much. Then he isn't Sanders at all. He's really Abe Crundall."

"You're right. And"—Ralph gave a short laugh—"he hasn't got the dust."

"No," said Leslie; "but no more have we. And I don't know how we're going to get it."

"At night," Ralph suggested.

"No good. We'd need light to dig it up, and Crundall will be watching."

Ralph looked blue. "We are up against it," he said.

"We'll manage," Leslie declared. "We must think of some way of putting Crundall off the scent. Let's have dinner and talk it over while we eat."

The stove was fit for use again, and the boys fried some bacon and heated up a tin of baked beans. They then made some coffee.

"We've not only got to put him off the scent," said Les presently, "we must put him on a wrong scent."

An Expedition After Dark

LES finished his bacon before he spoke again.

"I've a notion. As soon as it's getting dark we'll go out. We'll look about very carefully, then sneak off up the valley. As soon as we get to those big stones we'll hide. After a bit you go on alone, and make a little noise as you go. Crundall will be following, of course, and it will be too dark for him to see there is only one ahead of him. As soon as it's safe I'll turn back, go straight to the spring, and get the gold. Meantime you dodge him and hide. When he is well off the track you cross the creek and go to the spot where we got down the cliff. I'll join you there with the gold."

Ralph cheered up.

"Good enough, Les. We'll try it."

The sun set in a clear sky, but, luckily for the boys, the moon did not rise until

late. By dark all was ready, and the two, carrying some food and a rope, slipped quietly away up the valley. Too quietly, Les thought, but presently Ralph chuckled softly.

"He's after us," he whispered, and Les, who knew that Ralph's ears were sharper than his, was content.

They walked fast until they reached the wilderness of rocks, then turned to the left and stopped behind an immense mass of granite. They climbed to the top and lay quiet as mice.

Presently steps were heard, and Crundall, soft-footed as a cat, came prowling past. The boys waited until the sound died quite away, then Les whispered, "All right," and both slipped down off the rock.

"Go on back, Les," Ralph said. "I'll give the chap something to think of."

"Be careful," Les begged. "He'll be furious when he finds he's been tricked." "I'll watch out," grinned Ralph, and went off.

Les turned and hurried back towards the cabin. Time and again he looked round, but there was no sign of Crundall. At the cabin he had a shovel ready and a candle lantern. He picked them up and ran to the spring. The spring was in a little hollow with bushes round it, so it was safe to light the lantern. Then Les took a sharp-pointed stake and began probing the soft bottom of the little pool.

The Race on the Cliff Face

THE stick struck something hard. Les dropped it and dug furiously. He got out a large round stone. This gave him a shock, but a second attempt was more fortunate. Up came a bag of buckskin, small but amazingly heavy for its size.

"The gold!" he whispered, and thrust it into the haversack on his back. He put out his lantern, crept out of the hollow, listened a moment, then, as all seemed clear, raced away up the valley.

When he got to the stones he slackened his pace. He slipped in and out among the great boulders, stopping and listening every few moments. At last he reached the creek, which he crossed by jumping from rock to rock.

Now he moved more carefully than ever. The low roar of the creek among its stones drowned other sounds and Les was very nervous. As he climbed the slope towards the cliff foot a different sound came to his ears. It was a rattle of falling gravel.

He looked up, and his heart missed a beat, for the starlight showed a dark, thick-set figure climbing slowly up the great rock face. It wasn't Ralph; it was Crundall.

Where was Ralph? Next moment Les saw him high on a ledge above Crundall. Crundall saw him too.

"Come down out o' that," he cried in his queer, high-pitched voice. "If ye don't I'll break every bone in your body."

Ralph was not at all dismayed.

"The boot's on the other foot, Mr Crundall. It's you who'll break your bones if you come any higher. I've a pile of nice big stones ready to drop on you, and if one hits you you'll go down a lot faster than you came up."

Les nearly laughed. You could always trust old Ralph to keep his end up. He expected to hear a torrent of abuse from Crundall, and was surprised when the man said nothing but clambered away to the left. Next moment Les saw what he was about. Crundall squeezed in under a projecting rock and stayed there.

"You can pitch all the stones you want to," he sneered. "It won't do you no good. I know your brother's still in the gulch. I'll git him if I don't git you. There ain't no other way up the cliff."

"No other way," Ralph retorted. "That's all you know about it. Les and I took jolly good care to fix up our way out before we started. I'm going on up. Les will be there almost as soon as I."

"Ralph is bluffing," said Les to himself. "I'll lay he knows I'm listening, but I wish I was sure just what he meant."

Les could see Ralph but Crundall could not. Ralph was scribbling something on a bit of paper. He tied this to a small stone and dropped it. Then he began scrambling up, making a lot of noise.

Les got the stone. He carried it into a little cave at the base of the cliff, struck a match, and read the message.

"50 yards North. Easy."

It was quite enough. Out Leslie came and started to creep along the foot of the cliff. He got round a buttress and was out of sight of Crundall, and there in front of him was the way up.

It wasn't so easy as Ralph had thought, and the haversack with the gold hampered Leslie, but he climbed like a cat and was soon 50 feet up.

Suddenly came a high-pitched yell of rage. Crundall had seen him, and Les, glancing to the right, saw the man scrambling rapidly across the face of the cliff. The thief meant to cut him off.

Now it was a race. Crundall was higher than Les, and Les saw that the thief was bound to catch him if he himself kept to the straight climb. He looked to the left and saw a narrow, dangerous ledge. Anything was better than losing the gold. He swung on to it.

It was only a few inches wide and terribly steep. Les felt like a fly on a wall. One mistake, one slip, and he was done. He dared not look down, but, with eyes fixed on the rock, clawed his way onward foot by foot.

The ledge grew worse; he reached the end and could go no farther. He looked back. Crundall saw that he was trapped, but Crundall himself was evidently afraid of the ledge.

"Come back," Crundall called. "Give me the gold and I won't hurt you. You'll be safe. I swear it."

"I'd sooner chuck it into the creek," Les retorted.

"You'll go there yourself in another minute," snarled Crundall.

"Will he?" came Ralph's voice from above. A rope rattled down.

"Hang on, Les," cried Ralph. "I've tied it tight. Come on up. It's only a little way."

Les snatched at the rope and went up hand over hand. Another minute and he was safe on a broad ledge beside his brother. Ralph leaned over.

"Goodbye, Crundall. Next time we come to the valley we'll bring a policeman with us. If you know what's good for you you'll be somewhere else."

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Their Fathers are Away

SERVING IN THE FIGHTING FORCES. Naturally we feel compelled, even MORE THAN EVER, to do our utmost for the welfare of their little ones at home. So please aid us liberally, as we feed those who are hungry and supply warm clothing to those in need—AND THEY ARE MANY. Our efforts greatly enhearten the absent fathers. THE REV. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.11.

THE BRAN TUB

What Did He Mean?

SOME boys were forming a club, and one of their number had been asked to draft some rules. At the next meeting he read out as Rule Number 3:

"The committee shall meet on the first Tuesday in every month, provided the same does not fall on a Sunday."

Arithmetical Problem

A DECORATOR painted the walls of a room in three days. How long would he take, working at the same rate, to paint a room twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high?

Answer next week

Remember This

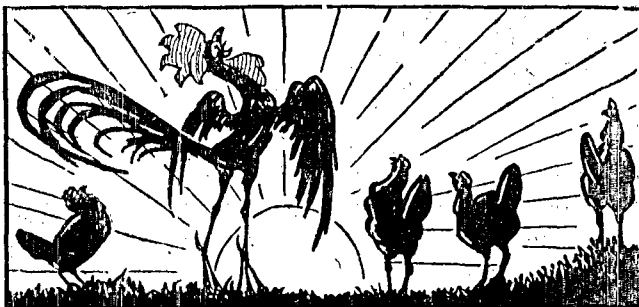
THE difference between rising every morning at six and eight in the course of forty years amounts to about 29,000 hours, or well over three years. Think of this when next you find it difficult to get up in the morning.

Summer Time

Summer Time begins on Sunday morning, so remember to put all clocks and watches FORWARD one hour before going to bed on Saturday night.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Feb. 25 Wren died . . . 1723
26 Victor Hugo born . . . 1802
27 Longfellow born . . . 1807
28 Montaigne born . . . 1533
29 Rossini born . . . 1792
Mar. 1 Romilly born . . . 1757
2 Wesley died . . . 1791



WELCOME TO SUMMER TIME

SAID a Rooster, "I'd have you all know
I am nearly the whole of the show;
Why, the Sun every morn
Gets up with the dawn
For the purpose of hearing
me crow!"

The Dreamer

HE used to dream of things he'd do
When grown to be a man,
Beguiling boyhood's years away
With many an idle plan.

And now, when grown to be a man,
He knows no greater joy
Than dreaming of the things he'd do
If he were still a boy.

Misleading Information

AN Englishman had just spent his first night in the United States.

"I am very disappointed about one thing," he said when he came down to breakfast. "I had been told that the sun rises about five hours later in America than it does in England, but I found that I had to get up this morning quite as early as I do at home."

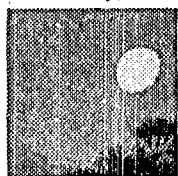
Word Changing

FAIR reader, in my primal state
I'm always very short;
Transposed, all vegetable life
From me receives support—
The stately oak, the meaner weed,
From me, it may be said,
Existence have, and yet my own
Is hanging by a thread;
But if I now am heartless made,
Behold, my friend, tis I
Immortalise the poet's song,
Or instantly destroy.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the west, and Uranus is in the south-west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, February 27.

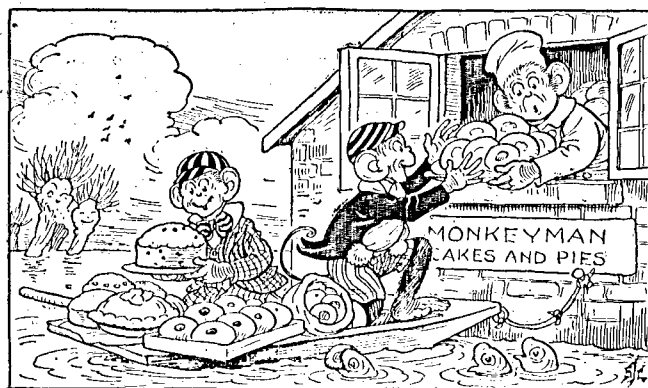


Cheer Up!

No matter how depressed you feel,
Look cheerful!
A gloomy face is ungentle,
Look cheerful!
Nobody cares about your woes,
Each has his sorrows, goodness knows!
So why should you your grief disclose?
Look cheerful!

Though you are blue as indigo,
Look cheerful!
You're prettier when you smile,
you know,
Look cheerful!
The world abhors a gloomy face,
And tales of woe are commonplace,
Of trouble, then, remove all trace—
Look cheerful!

Jacko Just in Time



AFTER the snow came the floods. Monkeyville had its full share. In the High Street the water crept up and up. Jacko found a punt and he and Chimp went off to help. They were just in time to rescue the cakes from the bakery. Jacko was so excited when they were handed out to him through a window that he very nearly dropped them into the water.

New Version

THIS is how the old nursery rhyme would read as a cross word puzzle:

Hey diddle diddle, the feline quadruped and the musical instrument,
The bovine quadruped jumped over the heavenly body,
The small canine quadruped laughed to see such diversion,
And the concave or hollow vessel ran away with the utensil having shallow, ovoid bowl.

Magic Figures

THIS remarkable figure square is said to have been found in a Hindu temple 3000 years old:

7	12	1	14
2	13	8	11
16	3	10	5
9	6	15	4

It will be seen that each row, column, and diagonal adds up to 34, but the unique feature is that any square of four figures also adds up to 34. Thus:

$$\begin{aligned} 7 + 12 + 2 + 13 &= 34 \\ 12 + 1 + 13 + 8 &= 34 \\ 1 + 14 + 8 + 11 &= 34 \end{aligned}$$

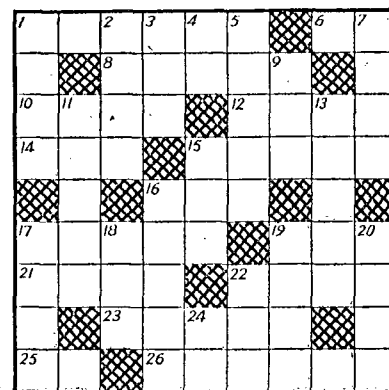
and so on throughout the whole of the square.

Reading Across. 1 A piece of grassland. 6 Sometimes since. 8 Citizen of a great Empire. 10 Falling water. 12 To utter taunting words. 14 Comes last. 15 Redbreast. 16 A human being. 17 A guide. 19 The female of the hart. 21 Sour to the taste. 22 Tight. 23 An evil spirit. 25 Denoting destination. 26 To delineate.

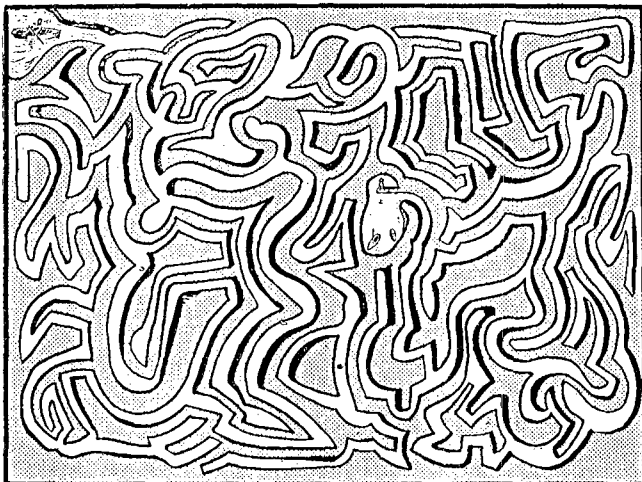
Reading Down. 1 A small lake. 2 Parched with heat. 3 To put on. 4 Order of Merit. 5 Four-wheeled heavy vehicle. 7 Perceived. 9 The point of a pen. 11 Odd or grotesque. 13 Something small and pretty. 15 A rodent. 16 Fashionable. 17 A portion. 18 A movable cover. 19 To speak wildly. 20 To produce designs upon a metal plate. 22 Part of the foot. 24 Mark.

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Half-Hour Cross Word



The Boatman in the Fiords



Can you see how the boatman in the top left-hand corner of this map found his way through the Norwegian fiords to the haven in the middle?

Ici on Parle Français

A Mother Finds Her Little Ones

During a shooting expedition in India two baby leopards were found and taken away.

Their captor carried them for ten miles, and then, having no use for them, sold them to another man, who took them to his home fifteen miles farther away. That same night the mother leopard found her young ones and carried them off, after badly mauling the man who had bought them.

Une Mère Retrouve Ses Petits

Au cours d'une grande chasse aux Indes, on découvrit deux petits léopards que l'on emporta.

Le chasseur les conduisit à dix milles de là, puis, ne sachant qu'en faire, il les vendit à un autre homme qui les emmena chez lui, à quinze milles plus loin. Cette même nuit leur mère découvrit ses petits et les emporta, après avoir grièvement blessé l'homme qui les avait achetés.

HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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Your Newsagent Will Do the Rest

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

ENJOY YOURSELVES



You have seen Mickey Mouse and his friends at the pictures—now you can play with them by your own fireside with the help of this jolly new card game! Mothers and fathers, as well as the children, all enjoy MICKEY'S FUN FAIR, which introduces the favourite Walt Disney characters.

The game consists of a double pack of accurately coloured cards reproduced from Walt Disney paintings. It's a game of fun and tense excitement!

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